

Safeguarding State Secrets, Whose Revelation Would Cause War and Panic

Five Separate Spy Systems Employed in Times of Peace--Interesting Checks Which Guard Against Leaks

BY JOHN ELPRETH WATKINS.
Washington, D. C., July 5, 1911.
State secrets! Sh—!
In Washington they are as thick as the flies that plagued old Pharaoh.
The State Department's "secret fund" is now in a spotlight as a result of the Day portrait case, inherited from a past administration, and the probe of a zealous House committee has laid bare the fact that no one, save Presidents themselves, have ever had the right to ask how their premiers have spent this \$30,000 annually appropriated to meet "unforeseen emergencies" and "to extend the commercial and other interests of the United States."
Upon the statute books has long reposed a little paragraph authorizing the Secretary of State to keep hidden such expenditures out of this fund "as he may think it advisable not to specify."

So how these thousands are spent, year after year, is always a state secret, deep and umbrous. There have been rumors, back in the past, that they have been drawn upon to pay diplomatic spies, for prying into the plans and plans of our foreign rivals; also that portions have been circulated in foreign climes to mold popular opinion in favor of certain American policies. But who really knows? Only those several living men who, in their time, have been entrusted with the strings of this mysterious spy purse, and they will never reveal their lips. By so doing they might involve us in bloody wars with foreign powers.
But the employment of this "secret fund" for which the head of the Cabinet need not account, as suggested, is but one of many state secrets, deeply hidden in the expansive bosom of Uncle Sam. Every branch and department possesses them, and more or less depends for its success upon the security with which their seal is guarded.

It was a state secret how our foundations of government were laid. Like the British at work upon the Dreadnought, with which they amazed their foreign rivals, the builders of our ship of state worked behind an impenetrable fence of secrecy. To a man the delegates of the Constitutional Convention carried its secrets to their graves.

Cabinet Secrets.
The same screen of secrecy has always hidden the President's meetings with his official counselors.
"The proceedings of the Cabinet are not only secret, but are confidential," said a former member of that body. "Sometimes the President announces to the public that he has received an announcement by the head of the department to which the subject matter pertains. But with these exceptions the seal of confidence rests on the deliberations of the Cabinet."

Not even the President's secretary is admitted to the Cabinet board, and no record of its proceedings is ever kept. A member who will divulge any of its secrets, even in memoranda written generations later, would be disgraced in the eyes of his fellowmen.
And the veil is as closely drawn over the recommendations which the President is about to make in his messages, upon which the stock market rises or falls, especially in these days of trust busting and tariff tinkering. Vast are the riches which could often be earned by a Wall Street speculator trading upon advance information obtained through a "message leak."

So message secrets are safeguarded in this way: One of the President's trusted messengers bears the manuscript under seal to the public printer, who immediately distributes it among the competitors in fragments so small that no single inquisitor could possibly gain head or tail of any paragraph. Then comes the final assembling of type under the eye of a trusted employee of long-trying reliability, and the pressmen who handle the assembled type must, at the end of the day's work, account for every sheet of paper printed—after a careful count—for the printing of each page of the precious document.

The only important message leak of recent times occurred in Hayes's administration, before these safeguards were instituted. The procurer of the advance copy is said to have sold it to speculators for several thousand dollars.

Court Works in Secret.
The Supreme Court sits beneath the rose while framing all of its decisions, even more vital to Wall Street than the President's recommendations, upon which Congress may or may not act, as vox populi seems to dictate. But the robes of justice of the Supreme Court have the last say as to whether this trust or that shall be dissolved, or this or that law—otherwise affecting vast corporations—shall stand. Wall Street would have given hundreds of thousands of dollars, in any recent year, for advance information as to verdicts of the supreme tribunal.

The verdicts of the court are voted each Saturday during sessions in the "conference room," in the basement of the Capitol, and while the conference is in progress not even the President himself would be admitted to this forbidden chamber, where the justices must for the time forego the services of the pages and other attendants hired to fetch them ice water and stationery. They must even descend to the indignity of sharpening their own pencils and filling their own fountain pens.

No tourists are ever allowed even a peer at this room of mystery, nor has a photographer ever been permitted to make a picture of it. Than this secret chamber the Forbidden city of Peking was never more impenetrable, even in the days when Tai-An was at the height of her glory.

While the financial world with bated breath waited some time ago the court's verdict on a great anti-trust case, the correspondent of a Chicago financial concern was instructed to step up to the bench, on decision day, and ask one of the justices whether the finding would be generally favorable or unfavorable to the corporation involved. This "tip" the correspondent was instructed to write in advance of the

reading of the decision, but he happened to be in Washington better than his employer, who received this reply from his pen:

"All the money in the Chicago national banks would not induce me to ask one of the justices 'What's doing.' I send a diagram of the court with arrow pointing to the jail. Do you realize that the Supreme Court could commit a man to jail for contempt of court for life and that there is no other power short of Divine interposition—and I am afraid the days of miracles are past—to which I could appeal?"

The legislative as well as the executive and judicial branches of our government transact considerable business behind closed doors. When the Senate looks itself in secret session there is an exodus of pages and employees, save several officers who have been put under oath to forever guard any secrets which they may overhear. These are the sergeant-at-arms, four assistants and the "executive clerk" who keep the vague record of the proceedings. Only two reasons may now pass the threshold—the clerk of the House and assistant secretary of the President, if they bear messages to the Senate. But all proceedings are hushed when they are announced and they depart not a jot wiser than when they entered.

The darkest of these executive session secrets pertain to treaties with foreign powers and the frankness of speech with which they are discussed would often lead to international complications, if made public.

Executive Session Leaks.
The most serious executive session "leak" occurred while our treaty annexing Mexico was under discussion. A copy of that instrument, as well as of the President's message and some confidential papers accompanying it, was alleged to have been delivered to a newspaper by a western senator. An investigating committee was appointed, but the matter was later smoothed over. The last serious "leak" occurred in 1892, when certain newspapers gave accurate reports of an executive session, including the vote in detail. A "smelling committee" was again called, and the chief executive clerk was made the scapegoat and dismissed, although afterward exonerated, elected to Congress, and later given a responsible government office, which he still retains.

That the House also, may hold secret sessions, when it wishes to withhold knowledge of its debates from foreign powers, is not generally known for the

reason that the privilege has seldom been embraced.

The State Department is a vast repository of secrets, and its every important transaction is made under cover. Our diplomats undertake their missions under secret instructions and communicate with the Secretary of State by a secret cipher code especially devised for the department.

A year or two ago, when a copy of the code was stolen, an entire new system had to be adopted at considerable expense to the government. A thief ransacking the steel filing cabinets of the Department of State and distributing its secret archives broadcast would involve us in diplomatic entanglements from which it might be impossible to extricate ourselves without endless wars.

Periodically there are published in official "red books" certain of our diplomatic correspondence, selected because deemed harmless or treating of events which have safely "blown over." Were the full correspondence of any one year thus published each male civilian of the land might well anticipate a draft for military service.

Names Never Known.
The personnel of the famous "secret service" is one of the State secrets of the Treasury Department, confided by the officials of that organization only to the Secretary of the Treasury or the President. Other employees of the government must be listed in the official blue book, but the names of these hundreds of detectives are missing from that directory. The amount of the annual secret service fund of \$135,000 that goes to pay them their \$4 to \$8 a day is accounted for only to the head of the department and no one can venture a guess, at any time, as to the distribution of numbers of this shadowy army of sleuths.

How custom house agents are made aware of purchases by Americans in foreign shops is another State secret of the Treasury Department. Sufficient is it to know that the diamonds and rich clothing which our wealthy tourists are liable to carry home with them is regularly reported by a mysterious corps of spies scattered over the continent and captioned by "confidential agents" stationed at five points in Europe, and another in the Orient.

With as great secrecy the Treasury guards the identity of persons who inform revenue agents of the location of moonshine stills. Any man, woman or child who gives a clue leading to the capture of such an illicit establishment, may, without fear of be-



JOHN E. WILKIE,
Chief of Secret Service.



D. S. RANDELL,
Sergeant-at-Arms, United States Senate, sworn to keep executive session secrets.



HERBERT KNOX SMITH,
Chief of United States Bureau of Corporations. He's check full of state secrets.

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With as great secrecy the Treasury guards the identity of persons who inform revenue agents of the location of moonshine stills. Any man, woman or child who gives a clue leading to the capture of such an illicit establishment, may, without fear of be-

trayed by Uncle Sam, enjoy the \$10 uniformly given for such information. His name will never be recorded by the Treasury bookkeepers, nor even upon a memorandum filed away by the revenue officials.

The time when gold is to be shipped to the mints and coin to the Treasury and sub-treasuries is always a dark State secret, shared only by the most trusted guardians of Uncle Sam's strong box. To intrust such information to the ordinary telegraph might prove a means of warning train robbers, so a secret telegraphic cipher code is used to transmit this vital intelligence.

Both the army and navy, too, have their secret cipher codes, all ready for use should war break out to-morrow, and officers entrusted with their key would be guilty of treason if communicating the secret to an outsider. Every war vessel of the fleet bears a code book inclosed in a perforated case of lead, fastened to carry it straight to the bottom should the vessel be boarded or found to be filling. And strict are the instructions demanding this precaution of sinking the secret book whenever it thus faces the danger of falling into the enemy's hands.

Guarding Military Secrets.

The State secrets of the army and navy easily rank, in vital importance, next to those of the State Department. In the troop files of the war colleges are secret plans for the immediate invasion of every country with which we are at all likely to go to war. Uncle Sam will assure you that our scores of military and naval attaches scattered abroad collect their information openly and above board, but you can safely wager that they do not with virtuous indignation, spurn safe opportunities of prying into the military secrets of the governments to which they are accredited. It is a fact worthy of note that whereas only two of these attaches are detailed to European countries with which we do not apprehend war, we now have nine of them stationed in Japan.

But of the State secrets jealously guarded by the military establishment the most tightly sealed of all relate to our coast defenses, from which even our coast visitors are barred. The publication by a New York newspaper, just before the Spanish War, of a crude plan of the defense of Washington resulted in a change of these works at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. In both the War and Navy Departments are secret plans and specifications, armament and ship construction upon which the government's preparedness for war largely depends. And the military proving grounds at Sandy Hook and Indian Head are hedged about by barriers which none but the initiated can penetrate when anything of interest is "doing."

The mysterious net by which hundreds of army and navy deserters are caught every year is cloaked with secrecy as inky as that which protects the various corps of Treasury spies. Any one who shows Uncle Sam where he can lay hands on a deserter receives \$50 for his trouble, also the assurance that his identity will be protected. And this generous fee has induced a number of individuals to take up this espionage as a specialty. Several women devote the greater part of their time to the undertaking, but where they and their brother sleuths are, or where they operate, is a State secret which Uncle Sam will never reveal.

Sleuths Everywhere.

In the Department of Justice is an office that is as full of secrets as a girl's seminary, but—to abandon the simile—they are never leaking out. This is the "bureau of investigation," whose vast corps of detectives is continually on the hunt for such violators of the Federal laws as bucket shop operators, night riders and trade restrainers. And another storehouse for official secrets is the office of the chief post-office inspector, whose closely guarded file cases are continually being fed with new evidence secured from a corps of detectives kept on the hunt for postal thieves and senders of naughty pictures or literature and sharp who use the mails for fraudulent business.

You would not look for State secrets in the Department of Agriculture, but each month it regularly has on tap a vast supply of them that speculators would pay a pretty penny for. Its forecasts of the size and character of our maturing crops sometimes precipitate panics in the speculative world, shut down plants or cut wages, while they especially fix prices as well as stock values. Since premature disclosure of this information to one man would place in his hands the power to acquire riches un dreamed of by Croesus, an ingenious system is in use for giving every citizen in the land an equal chance to make use of the prognostication. As the forecasts come in from the separate States the Secretary of Agriculture puts them away in his safe. On the day of the monthly meeting the statisticians are locked in a room where the seals are broken and the final computation is made. And the key to this room is not turned until an official passes out to hand the operators of the two great telegraph companies the "flash figure," for which all of the wires in the country and the cables to the Old World are being held open.

Nor is the youngest of the Federal Department—that of Commerce and Labor—without its state secrets, deep and impenetrable. The census bureau jealously guards the most sacred of all secrets confided to it by millions of citizens—the mystery of their ages. The census employee who discloses this or any other information concerning an individual is liable to a fine of \$500. And check-full of secrets is the chief of this department's bureau of corporations, who is authorized by law to investigate the conduct and management of trusts or other concerns whose products enter into interstate commerce. No authority, except the President himself, can force this functionary to divulge what he has learned concerning the transactions of our "male factors of great wealth."

Doubtless there has ever been too great secrecy involved in our administration of government. But, as you have seen, the throwing open of the doors of all of our Federal council chambers would—while human nature retains its present frailties—result in continuous war and panic. And until some panacea for personal greed and international envy has been discovered and effectively applied officialdom must continue to transmit a portion of its business behind closed doors. State secrets are liable to plague us and excite our imaginations until the millennium intervenes.

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Boynton Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Boynton, Va., July 8.—Miss Anness Lea, who has been visiting in town, has returned to her home in South Hill, Va.

Thomas Pleasant, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pleasant, has returned to Butterworth, Va.

Mrs. Alice R. Pinck, who has been visiting near Manson, N. C., has returned to Boynton.

Mrs. Prince, of Emporia, is here visiting Mr. Howard Beales.

Mrs. Fannie Benton, of Danville, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. C. J. Faulkner.

Mrs. E. R. Carter is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williams.

Miss Emavette Rose, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her friend, Miss Edna Turpin, at "Echo Hill," near Antlers.

Miss Nellie Goech, of Clarksville, is in town visiting friends.

The Current Events Club was delightfully entertained by Miss Marietta Haskins, Tuesday afternoon. The guests of honor were Mesdames Toome and Bryson, and Misses Turpin and Rose. The principal feature of the afternoon was a recitation by Miss Rose.

Thomas Haskins spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. N. R. Haskins.

Petter Holmes has returned from Montreal, N. C., where he was sent as a delegate for the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

Professor Harry Faulkner, of the University of Virginia, is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Faulkner.

Carter Williams and family spent the last of the week in town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williams.

Bon Air Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Bon Air, Va., July 8.—Chambers E. H. left on Saturday to spend a week at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tanner, of Richmond, and Mrs. Southall, are at the Inn for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Gilliam have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Worthington recently.

Miss Bentley was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Bentley.

Miss Julia Powers is visiting Joseph Sadler at Forest Hill.

Mrs. Kent and daughter moved into the Bridgeforth home on Saturday, where they will be for two months.

Richard Messer has returned from Catawba, where he went in the interest of the State Health Department.

Miss Edith Griffin has been visiting the Misses Talcott and Moore.

Mrs. McFadden was the guest recently of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson.

Miss Lillian Cooke has returned home, after a very delightful visit to

Miss Caroline Roper, in Portsmouth. Mr. and Mrs. William Bentley were week-end guests of Mrs. Norwood Bentley.

Frederick Trigg was with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wherry over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin and son, of Farmville, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams.

The Country Club gave a very large dance on July 4 to its members, and all outside guests were cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Burr and Miss Selie Payne, of Richmond, are with Mrs. Burton Mary for the summer.

Mrs. Turner Arrington has been spending the week with Mrs. Coleman Worthington.

Dr. Landon Mason and the Misses Mason were guests of friends here recently.

Miss Harriet Cringan was the week-end guest of the Misses Cooke.

Mrs. Burwell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Reed and Mrs. Ladd. Miss Bettie Ellerson has been staying here with Mrs. William Ellerson.

Miss Hattie Scott spent the Fourth with Miss Talcott.

FOURTH PASSES QUIETLY AT THE HOT SPRINGS

Playing of National Airs Only Attempt at Celebration—Fresh Influx of Guests.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Hot Springs, Va., July 8.—A quiet Fourth of July week has been enjoyed by visitors at Hot Springs, with independence day itself marked by the total absence of fireworks of any kind, the playing of national airs at the outdoor concerts being the only attempt at patriotic celebration.

The week brought an added influx of visitors to the Homestead, the majority from the South, and middle South, but a plentiful sprinkling also of New Yorkers and Philadelphians here for the quiet which is the dominant note at this season. During the hot wave, the first of the week the resort was probably the coolest point for miles about, the thermometer registering only 87 degrees at its highest mark.

The outdoor concerts at the Casino are among the pleasant features of the days' entertainment. Visitors enjoy them from comfortable seats on the piazzas and grounds, and they are usually distinctly heard by the thousands at Barton Lodge, The Pillars, and other villas along the mountain side, the sound being thrown back and up the opposite range of hills, which acts as a sounding board.

Breakfast at the Daniel Boone Cabin is establishing itself as a fad among those fond of early rising. A true Southern breakfast of fried chicken and waffles is to be had at the price of a preliminary walk, or ride of little over a mile, and among those who have breakfasted during this week are Messrs. Leaning, Samuel Harmon, and W. A. Carter.

Visitors ride, drive, play golf, and take their daily tonic bath these days, giving the preference perhaps to driving. And among those who have taken long drives during the week to Pisgah Park, Cascade Mountain, Dunn's Gap, and other points, and other points of interest are General and Mrs. Edward P. Meany, Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ingalls, Jr., Mrs. George E. Ingalls, and Miss Katharine Ingalls. Mr. and Mrs. Clendenning J. Ryan, and Mr. and Mrs. John J. McCloskey.

Dr. Francis Delaford, of New York, has arrived for an annual visit. During his stay he will take the tonic baths.

Fred Sterry with the Misses Patience and Virginia Sterry, left early in the week for New York. They were joined by Mr. Sterry, and the party sailed Wednesday for Europe, where they will spend the next two months.

Mrs. Casimer de Rham, of Tuxedo Park, is here for an indefinite stay.

Hamilton King left for New York during the week, where he attended the wedding of Mr. Charles Samuel Fallows, son of Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, of Chicago, and Miss Eda van Leaska Bruna.

Mrs. D. H. Holmes, of Oaterville, Mass., has opened her villa, The Uplands, and has with her Mr. and Mrs. Fay Ingalls, of Oyster Bay.

George E. Ingalls spent the Fourth with his family at The Pillars. He has returned to Chicago, but will be here for August.

District Attorney Samuel P. Rotan, of Philadelphia, has spent much time this week on the golf links. Others who have played include W. A. Carter, Reid S. Baken, A. P. Looking, Mrs. George Ingalls, Miss Katharine Ingalls, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolley, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wardman, and Miss Alice Wardman.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Ingalls spent Wednesday on a fishing trip up the Jackson River. They went by train, taking a picnic lunch, and returned in their motor, bringing a fine catch of bass.

Robert Weller and E. T. Hickey drove yesterday to Falmouth Farm, where they had luncheon.

P. V. Rovinauk, of Pittsburgh, former president of the American Slavonic Society, is a guest of J. T. McAllister, at the Boone Cabin.

N. D. Mahan, vice-president of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, is here for the month with his wife and daughter. He puts in much time playing golf, and on long horse-back rides with his daughter.

Senator T. C. Tallafiero, of Tampa, Fla., with his sons, William and Edmon Tallafiero, are among late arrivals who will be here for some weeks.

An automobile party from Richmond, spending the week here includes Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Mayon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Carter, and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron.

PEOPLE ARE BEING POISONED

Poisonous Gases From Undigested Fermenting Food Effects the Entire System. Digestit is the New Relief.

Undigested food ferments in the stomach, producing poisonous gases, which are absorbed and distributed throughout the entire system, poisoning the heart, the nerves and the brain—robbing the blood of its life-giving properties instead of replenishing them.

Digestit, the new remedy for indigestion, digests all the food taken into the stomach, thereby preventing any fermentation or decomposition.

Digested food is assimilated and feeds the blood with life-giving properties.

Digestit will relieve those distressing symptoms of dyspepsia instantly—two or three tablets taken after meals stimulate the secretions and digest all the food via nature's way.

Your druggist will give you back your money if Digestit does not relieve you, or if you doubt, write to the Digestit Co., Jackson, Miss., for an order to your druggist for a full size package without cost.

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